

The Tragedie

He win our auncient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I haue a king.

Glo. Short sommers lightly haue a forward spring.

Enter yong Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prin. Rich. of Yorke, how fares our noble brother?

Yor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.

Prin. I brother to our griefe as it is yours:
Too late he dide that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiestie.

Glo. How fares our cousen noble L. of Yorke?

Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You said that Idle weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.

Glo. He hath my Lord.

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire cousen, I must not say so.

Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.

Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger little cousen, with all my heart.

Prin. A begger brother?

Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my cosen.

Yor. A greater gift? O thats the sword too it.

Glo. I gentle cosen, were it light enough.

Yor. O than I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for your grace to weare.

Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon litle Lord?

Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.

Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.

Prin. My Lo: of Yorke will still be croise in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

of Richard the third.

Because that I am litle like an Ape.

He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders.

Buc. With what a sharpe provided wit he reasons,

To mittigate the scorne he giue his vncle,

He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:

So cunning and so youg is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lo: wilt please you passe along?

My selfe and my good cousen Buckingham,

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yor. What will you goe vnto the tower my Lord?

Prin. My Lord Protector will haue it so.

Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Yor. Mary my vncle Clarence angry ghost:

My Granam tolde me he was mured there.

Prin. I feare no vnckles dead.

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.

But come my L. with a heauie heart

Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dorsetmanet. Bich. Buc.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating Yorke,

Was not incensed by his subtile mother,

Totaunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy,

Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,

He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.

Buc. Well let them rest: Come hither Catesby,

Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceale what we impart.

Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:

What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter

To make William L. Hastings of our minde,

For the instalment of this noble Duke,

In the seate royall of this famous Ile?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,

That he will not be wonne to cught against him.

Buc. What thinkest thou then of Stanley, what will he?

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Cat.